REIGN OF THE MALE BEAUTY. MR IS ON SHOW TO ATTRACT THE DOLLARS OF WOMEN.

Lovely Candy Puller-Four Mandson Actors-The Power of Kyrle Bellew-A Popular Corn Cutter-Handsome Queck-berner, the Athlete and Life Saver.

I was very much interested the other night the talk of one of the shrewdest and most ful business men in New York on the subject of male beauty. He is a day, wizenedup, and saturnine little man, whose. first great success was made as an advertising agent. His income now is something like \$100,000 a year. His hobby during the past four or five years has been the publication of advartise-ments which verged on the nuds. Everybody has seen them. They advertise soap, pills, and a thousand other things by means of beautiful women stepping out of baths, reclining on ouches, or staring toward the starlit beavens with large, soulful, and intense eyes, heaving osoms and hands full of pill boxes.
"Woman," said my friend concisely, "is

played out as a thing of beauty. Everything now runs toward man,"

F "What, you don't believe it? Come with me

He took a firmer hold on a long and twisted eigar which he held in the corner of his mouth. and dragged me to Broadway near Twenty ninth street. It was about 8 o'clock at night. There was a candy shop near the corner, but no candy was displayed in the window. It had all been removed to afford the public full faellities for viewing a man within, who was throwing taffy over a silver hook, drawing it out five or six feet, and then throwing it over the hook again and repeating the operation. "Look at the crowd," saidamy guide, in

There were twenty-five or! thirty women in front of the shop and perhaps half a dozen men. Some of the women were magnificently dressed, and evidently on their way to theatre Others were shop girls and out-of-town visitors

to New York. Look at their eyes," said the man at my

side softly.

I did so, and saw that they were all looking at the man who pulled the candy land not at the candy itself. He was quite a spectacle from the standpoint of a student of colors. He had a sort of a face which breeds in the average man a wild desire to selse the nearest brick and begin a work of demolition. It was not that the face was repulsive. Exactly the reverse. It was pretty, and of the simpering. self-conscious style which shop girls adore and mammas dote upon. He had regular features, a placid and supercilious smile. drooping eyes, which he would occasionally cast toward the growd outside the window, and a daintiness of gesture which would have made him success on the stage in the delineation of a certain type of metropolitan character. His hair was sleek, well ciled, and beautifully banged, his color pink and white, and his narbanged, his color pink and white, and his narrow-chested body was encased in a beautiful
blazer of pink and white silk, drawn together
by a heavy and interlaced crimson cord down
the front. On his head he wore a silk lockey
sap, also of pink and white stripes, and his
hands were rendered prominent by what might
be called outside cuies of snowy linen, which
eams up to the elbow and completely covered
the blazer sleeve. The languid manner with
which he toesed the tafty over the big silver
hook was in thorough consonance with the
anguorous glance which he cocasionally directed toward the women cutside the window,
"The man who runs that shop," said the littie agent at my elbow, "has a large head on his
shoulders. He has figured things out. Who
burs candy?"
"Yomen."

burs candy?"
"Women."
"Quite so. Had a woman rather be waited on by a woman or a pretty man? By a pretty man, of course. Any shoemaker would be able to tell you that. The prettier the man the more anxious the women will be to buy of him. Most of the candy merchants fill their shops with pretty saleswomen. Nothing could be more absurd. The reign of the male beauty is becoming more pronounced every day. If you are going down toward the Hoffman I will walk with you and tell you why I have some to this consider."

sinch street the agent drew me up to a window and said:

"Let me give you a fresh illustration."

He pointed to a frame which hung in the window. There were eight or ten pictures in the frame. Four were women, and of the four three were plain almost beyond belief. The third one had some traces of consilness in her face. The agent looked at them a moment, and then smiled at me meaningly.

Do you suppose any stock sompany in New York could get along with women as plain as they are, unless backed up by something else? Certainly not. The Lyceum is run by as shrewd a manager as there is in the business. He learned some time ago that the main support of the theatre comes from the women. If they like a play, the blay succeeds; for their husbands, sweethearts, and escorts always converted the success of the house. Look at the men in the picture of the house.

bands sweethearts, and escorts always consult them before taking them to the thearte, and their preferences decide the success of the house. Look at the men in the picture frame and you will see why the matinées of the Lyceum are always browded. Three-tourths of the audience is always composed of tromen, and that is why that theatre is one of the most successful in New York. There is an array of four professional male beauties, headed by Herbert Kelcey and brought up by fleary filler. These men are starred, billed, and photographed extensively. I read some sort of a story the other day of a woman who gave a luncheon to a lot of girls in San Francisco recently, and in the middle of the table were the pictures of these four men banked in flowers. The women sat around and admired the male beauties during the feast. This sort of thing is significant because it is the result of the well matured and carefully conceived plan of a man whose business it is to cater to the amusement of the public."

I recalled a scene I witnessed some time ago at Daly's Theatre. It was the time that Wallack's company disbanded, and the last performance was a matinée on Saturday aftermended by a crowd of at least 800 women who gathered there and pushed each other eagerly as they watched the members of the company come out. They had all appeared and gone away quietly without any excitement, until finally Ayrle Bellew appeared and posed for a minute on the doorstep. Now that I think of it, he is an impressive specimen of the male beauty. He cast his eyes composedly over the sea of adoring faces of the women, struck a fresh attitude, threw his iron-gray hair back from his brow, heaved a deep sigh, put on his hat, and stepped disnitily forward. The women crowded around him with an eagerness that amounted almost to frenzy. It was a diagraceful seen. I have never seen such abject disregard for conventionality. Bellew had fairly to fight his way through the ranks of love-sick women, until he finally jumped into his cab and drove away. There was

wonder.
Another instance finshed across my mind.
Two ladies were talking in the crowded doorway of Trinity Chapel just after service. It was
raining, and they were waiting for a carriage.
"I hat the rain," said one petulantly, "It
makes my corns ache so,"
"I am going down to Dr. Dash's place tomorrow," said the other casually. "He's the
best chiropodist in New York. Don't you think
so,"

Oh, without a doubt," said the other, "but always take his assistant, Dr. Robinson, oh a remarkably handsome man isn't ho? 's always so busy that one has to wait hours

sinced upon the foundations of the State House dome is nearly as great, it is said, as the foundations of the monument will be called upon to the distance of the monument will be called upon to the distance of the monument will be called upon to the distance of the monument will be called upon to the distance of the monument will be called upon to the distance of the monument will be called upon to the distance of the monument will be called upon the distance of the monument will be called upon to the distance of the monument will be called upon to the distance of the monument will be called upon to be and said and the property of the monument will be called upon the foundations. The part of the monument will be called upon the foundations of the monument will be called upon the foundations of the monument will be called upon to the foundations of the monument will be called upon the foundations. The part of the monument will be called upon the foundations of the monument will be called upon the foundations. The part of the monument will and the part of the monument will and the part of the monument will refer the foundations. The control of the part of the monument will refer the foundations of the monument will be called upon the foundations. The foundations of the mo

the masher in as master of ceremonies. In two years he had built up a flourishing trade there. Then he became engaged to a typewriter in the office, and I sold out the business to him within two weeks. He did not know that the whole success of the thing was due to his own personal appearance, but I did.

"Take the case of Queckberner, the athlete, as another instance. He was a man who had not money, influence, nor position come five years are. He was a professional life saver at Long Beach. In other words, he was a bathing master there. His remarkable physical development and stalwart personality attracted the attention of three or four New Yorkers, and they started him in business here solely on that account. Now he is a successful broker, one of the crack athletes of America, and a local figure of no mean importance—all due to his personal beauty.

"Don't sneer at male beauties to me." growled the little financier in conclusion, straightening his twisted frame laboriously, and shaking himself together as he lighted a fresh cigar. "If I locked less like a plebald nightmare, I'd been President of the United States ten years ago."

BLAKELY HALL.

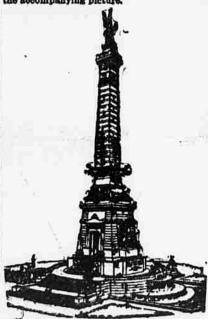
A \$350,000 MONUMENT.

The Magnificent Tribute of Indiana to the Memory of Her Soldiers.

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 22.—This city is going to have the finest and costliest soldiers' monuto have the finest and costliest soldiers' monu-ment that has yet been constructed in this country, and one that from its location will gain an additional impressiveness that will make it, if the hopes of its designers and builders are carried out, the grandest column in America, barring, perhaps, the Washington monument.

The idea of building a soldiers' monument here first took shape in 1875, but it was not until 1884, when the Grand Army of the Bepublic took charge of the work, that any progress was made in the raising of funds. When omething over \$20,000 had been collected the State stepped in and took up the project, making an appropriation of \$300,000 to build the monument and creating a State Commission to direct the work. The Commission, of which George J. Langsdale is President, and J. F. Gookins, an artist of some note. Secretary, at once instituted a competition for designs, open to the architects of the world, which resulted last January in the selection of a design submitted by Bruno Schmitz of Berlin, the designer of the great Victor Emanuel monument in Italy, and the winner of forty out of fifty-eight similar competitions in which he has entered. Incidentally, this competition is said among architects to have been about the only fair thing of the sort that has ever been managed by a public Commission in this country. The Commission selected ten well-known archiby a public Commission in this country. The Commission selected ten well-known architects, whom they requested to submit designs, and whom they paid \$200 each. The ten included Bichard M. Hunt and George B. Post of New York. Others were invited to send in designs at their own expense. The conditions of the competition were such that it was impossible, if they were carried out, for the Commission to know who was the author of any particular design or even where the design came from. With the Commissioners were associated three experts, Prof. William R. Ware of Columbia College, Prof. John L. Campbell of Wabash College, and Gen. Thomas A. Morris of the Indiana State Capitol Commission, who were to advise the Commission as to the practicability of the designs submitted by sixty-five different architects, including two from Italy, four from Germany, two from England, and two from Canada, and the unanimous choice of the Commission and of the experts was the design of Mr. Schmitz. So carefully had the conditions of the competition been compiled with that it is alleged that none of the Commissioners or experts knew until after the selection was made who was the successful architect or whether he was an American or a foreigner. The second prize, \$500, was awarded unanimously to Percy G. Stone of London, England.

Mr. Schmitz's design is shown in outline in the secompanying picture.



The monument will stand in the centre of the circle, which is the centre of Indianapolia. With its approaches it will occupy the whole of the small park, less than 500 feet in diameter, that constitutes the circle. It will face the south, and directly in front, in about the spot that it now occupies, will be the life-size statue of Gov. Morton. In time similar statues of famous Hoosiers may be placed at each of the other sides of the park. Two blocks away on the west, with its dome squarely across the centre of the street, is the new State House. The top of the dome, which is now about the highest thing in Indianapolia, will be completely overshadowed by the statue on top of the monument. The monument will, in fact, dominate everything in the city, and is expected to be visible for miles around. At night a great flame of natural gas will burn from the torch in the uplifted hand of the statue of Victory which will surmount the shaft.

The monument will be 265 feet high from the ground to the torch, and the outer limit of its base will be a circle 192 feet in diameter. It will be constructed of the peculiar limestone that has been discovered in Indiana quarries within a few years, and is being generally substituted for granife. The particular variety selected for the monument is almost cream white in color, and takes a good polish. It is much lesse expensive and more easily worked than granite, and is said to be far more durable. Even fire does not affect it. Bids for the construction of the shaft have not yet been called for, but the estimates of its cost are about 2500,000. If granife were used the cost would be nearly double that figure.

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WHERE POOR WOMEN SLEEP

THE ONLY OUT-AND-OUT WOMEN'S LODGING BOUAR IN THE CITY.

Where the Women Go who Have No Money
—As Old Police Sergeant's Effections
Upon an Ungaliant Town—Rotels.

There are 5,000 homeless women and girls a New York. By this is meant that there are that number of the gentler sex who in the morning have scarcely an idea where they are to sleep when the evening shadows appear. They are, moreover, of the kind whose only crime is an unceasing and remerseless pov-erty. It is the poverty that has driven many s of their weaker sisters to short lives of glamour and sin.

This was the statement of a sweet-faced little woman, with remarkably determined eyes, the other night. She was dressed all in black and very neatly, and, with her big white apron, looked like a sunny little housewife. Her raven hair was slightly streaked with silver, and in other ways she was a marked contrast to a tall, pink-cheeked, and strikingly blonds young woman who stood beside her and obey-ed at intervals the little woman's commands. All this was in a little office in the big building at 6 Rivington street, just a few feet from

was a cigar factory. It is now the only building n New York whose entrance is marked: WOMEN'S LODGING HOUSE.

The sign is similar to other lodging-house signs seen by scores along the Bowery and in the cross streets. It has a black background with transparent letters. They are white by

day and illumined at night. There are a number of temporary homes for women in New York, but they are all called homes or missions. This is the only spot in the city where it is emphatically proclaimed that the building is a women's lodging house, and in which many of the features seen in men's lodging houses are particularly noticeable. There is almost the same difference in the patrons. There is the poor, honest, and upright woman and the slattern and ingrate, the clean poverty and the shabby and miserable shiftleseness, and all are received with quiet dignity by the light-haired young woman who acts as doorkeeper, and by her ushered into the little office where the prim little woman sits and takes the names of the lodgers. She doesn't allow the patrons to register. She does that herself in a school-marmish hand, and her books contain many peculiar names.

It is quite a process you have to go through before you reach that little office. It is fifty est back from the entrance on the ground floor, and opens on a long and rather narrow hallway. The big doors at the entrance are always locked, save when the blonde young woman from the inside opens them with a big key, that gives a clanking sound, to admit lodgers. The entrance is different also from the entrances of other lodging houses in that the glass panels are neatly covered from within with white muslin, which attracts the attention to letters glued on the outside, reading:

There is a bell handle which communicates with a banging gong in the hallway. The gong cannot awake the schoes in the hallway after il at night except on rare occasions, as at that hour it is disconnected from the bell handle on the doorpost.

Let all the winsome ones, and happy matrons with comfortable homes, and the bright jewels and great ladies of swelldom imagine for a moment that they are homeless and more or less friendless, and heartsick for rest and peace. With the fifteen or twenty cents necessary for a bed, or, if they are particularly flush and can afford it, the twenty-five or thirty cents wanted for a tiny room, they leave the brilliantly lighted Bowery behind as they enter dark and narrow Rivington street, and the Women's Lodging House sign gleams just ahead. A vigorous pull and the big gong clangs in the hallway. The big key rattles and the blonde-haired one greets the visitor sedaciely, but with a thrust forward of her pink face, to detect whether the breath of the applicant is particularly pungent of beer er something stronger. If the breath is all light everything is pretty plain sailing. The prospective lodger is unhered along the hallway to the office of the little woman, who registers her, and from a big keyboard hands out a key to one of the ten tiny bedrooms. These are for opulent customers. The very poor women do not require keys to get to their night's resting place. After they are registered they are taken up to long dormitories, lined with ceta, just as in men's lodging houses, and told to select one. But not one of the women is permitted to leave the matron's office without getting a printed copy of the rules of the house:

Sleeping rooms are opened at 6 P. M. and closed as 8:50 A. M.
On Sunday the sleeping rooms will be open all day for those who wish to rest, but no talking will be allowed.
In case of illness, not contagious a bed will be provided in eas of the back dormitories, which can be had by paying, in advance, fifteen cents a day exira.
No food allowed to be brought into the house.

the key is returned in good order. Unleavase he say must be taken out of the house.

Bathrooms are free.

Bathrooms are free.

All lodgers are expected to be neat, and to keep their beds and closets clean.

Nothing whatever must be thrown out of the windows, nor into the water closets.

Any one may wash and tron her clothes in the house laundry, by paying in advance, sen cents, for which sonp and starch will be provided.

Trunks or bundles will be crosed, at the owner's risk, by paying one cent a deep while owner is in the house. To persons desiring to less while owner is in the house. To persons desiring to less thirty cents per article in advance will be refunded if articles so paid for should be will be refunded at the rate of a cent a day for the days maining.

Trunks or bundles left in the storeroom sixty days.

remaining.

Trunks or bundles laft in the storeroom sixty days without being paid for will be disposed of as "unclaimed property."

No one using liquor, nor any one who is quarrelsome or disagreeable to others, will be allowed in the bouse. The house will be olseed and the bell detached at 11 P. M. Any one wishing to be admitted after that hour must give notice to the matron before 5 P. M., and pay double the amount for her bed.

The bease will be closed and the bell etached at 11 P. M. Any one wishing to be admitted after that hour must give notice to the matron before 5 P. M. and pay double the amount for her bed.

"This place is meant to be self-sustaining, it is by no means a charity," said the little matron the other night; but I am sure I don't know when the owner or owners will get enough out to pay the taxes. Who are the owners? You must excuse me. I cannot answer that question beyond saying that a very rich lady up town bought the building, and transformed it from a cigar factory into a lodging house. I believe the lady is assisted in the venture by a wealthy gontleman but of that I am not positive. I am only positive of one fact—that it is not a charity. There are many women, poor as they are, who come here for lodgings who would forsake it in an instant if they thought its charity. There are accommodations for seventy women, but the highest number we have had in any one light was forty-siz. At first it was thought the house could be run without rules, but that deamonstrated that every woman lodger lead as sort of rules of her own, and didn't care what her neighbors thought of them. They would plan for mice and vermin, and that had to be stopped. Others would bring in all sorte of lood and lay the ground plan for mice and vermin, and that had to be stopped. Others would bring in glace for decent though homeless women. This is a very bad neighborhood, you know, and some who were not wanted have crowded in, but it is preity generally known around here now that only working women will get longings.

The business of our patrons? Why, they are house servants out of place, factory and shop girls, tailoreases of our patrons? Why, they are house servants out of place, factory and shop girls, tailoreases of our patrons? Why, they are house servants out of place, factory and shop girls, tailoreases of our patrons? Why, they are house servants out of place, factory and shop girls, tailoreases of our patrons? Why, they are house servants

and a domen or so books, and intend to have more soon. We have a special dormitory for colored women."

The little matron was convinced that New York has at all times 5,000 women who want employment and cannot get it. Of these she said, 2,000 were strong and healthy, and she sighed when she remarked that of the other 3,000 nearly all were incepacitated by long and arduous service for further work.

"People don't want old and worn-out servants about them." she continued. "They want young and nimble girls to run up and down stairs and to fly around for them. No-body knows what becomes of the 3,000 women broken down by hard work in New York every year. There is no room for them anywhere. Not one in a hundred saves or can save any money. Those who could save try to spe the rich and spend their money for cities and gowns and cloaks far beyond their station in life. In a measure I hold the rich women of New York responsible for this. They should discountenance expensive dressing by their servants, and above all, they should not give them their cast-off clothing, for it creates an all-absorbing desire for fine clothes which eats up all of the servants' wages. It should be stopped."

The bright little matron talked in the very heart of a part of the city which has been called the Whitchapal of New York. Streets whose names are synonymous for vice and crime were all about and within easy proximity of the darkest and most wretched epots in New York. Down through young Capt. McCullogh's precinct on one side of the Bowery and through Capt. Cassidy's on the other the wretchedness of the women who call nightly at the police stations for lodgings is lostinsome to an appalling degree. Many seen the other night after the talk with the fair-faced matron were without shoes or hats as they sneaked into the stations and oringingly asked the Bergeants at the desks for a night's lodging. Bome had nothing but thin and ragged cotton dresses to cover them. They came from Hester and Fell and James and Chrystis, and contiguous streets and alleys not down on the maps of the city. The sunken "morgues," as the policemen called the cellars where a schooner of awful whiskey can be had for five cents, turned out squads of the women before midnight, but the women's rooms in the stations were already jammed to suffocation, and the new comers had to be turned away. One of the Sergaants said there were plenty of five and ten-cent lodging houses close at hand for the women—if they had the price of the lodging. If not they would slink back into the dark alleys and ten-cent lodging houses close at hand for the women—if they had the price of the lodging. If not they would slink back into the dark alleys and crawl back into the cellars that were not already overcrowded with other wretched ones.

The Sergeant said that none of the five and ten-cent lodging houses he had referred to had signs over the doors. In fact, many of them hadn't any doors at all. Signs and doors were expensive and useless luxuries for such places, where even the dark and foul hallways.

The most wretched sight of all, though," the Sergeant continued, is to see one of these creatures with no money to spend in one of the morgues. She simply gaps for rum, the Bowery. Up to last March the building

and stup twenty-eight cents worth of food in a month when in town."

The Sergeant—he has been on the force twenty years and spoke from experience—thought that New York was a city where the mon had all the show and women had none he has been in other big cittes at home and he has been in other big cittes at home and be has been in other big cittes at home and cut by the fact that a strange woman, be ahe ever so respectable, would have a difficult time in getting into many of New York's big time in getting into many of New York's big time in getting into many of New York's big time in getting into many of New York's big time in getting into many of New York's big time in getting into many of New York's big time in getting into many of New York's big time in getting into many of New York's big and attention. The great women visiting the city alone would be received and treated with the greatest courtesy has and attention. The continued, and, moreover, the proprietors would be glad to have their and the desk in an up-town for the proprietors, but that hey had plenty of money to pay for these estrangers come into the station house, tell me they had plenty of money to pay for their accommodation at a neighboring hole, but that they had been refused by the proprietors. I am speaking now of when I was behind the desk in an up-town precinct that they had been refused by the proprietors, but that they had been refused by the proprietors, but that they had been refused by the proprietors, but that they had been refused by the proprietors, but that they had been refused by the proprietors, but that they had been refused by the proprietors, but that they had been refused by the proprietors, but that they had been refused by the proprietors, but that they had been refused by the proprietors, but that they had been refused by the proprietors, but that they had been refused by the proprietors, but that they had been refused by the proprietors, but that they had been refused by the proprietors, but that they had been refused by commodations."
All this made the old Sergeant think that
New York was not a particularly gallant city to
well-to-do respectable women, selfish and
grasping in its treatment of poorer women
who want decent and cheap lodgings, and unmerciful in its conduct toward the wretched
creatures of the "morgues."

GOD BLESS BOB INGERSOLL

A Young Woman's Beason for Calling Divine Favor Upon the Infidel. "Every night before I sleep I say, 'God bless Bob Ingersoll." said a young lady to a re-

porter recently. Why? Well, I'll tell you. "Everything has been going wrong with me lately. I've been what you would probably call 'playing in hard luck.' I've lost all my money. my income has been stopped, and I'velbeen for the first time in my life thrown on my own resources entirely. I tried everywhere to get employment. I am willing to do anything, but everywhere I've been confronted with the question: 'What experience have you had in this line?' Not having had any it has been simply impossible for me to get a start evenand it sounds funny to me when I say it-even at tying up bundles. No one knows, no one can realize until she is thrown into the world unexpectedly, how hard, oh, how hard, it is for a woman to get employment in this great, big.

dear old New York. "Failing at every turn and getting poorer and poorer. I went to a clergyman whom every-

"Failing at every turn and getting poorer and poorer. I went to a clergyman whom everybody knows, and whom I had known in prosperity personally. Going around among the stores was bad enough, but this was worse. Still I had known him, and I was now cordially received until I had made known the object of my call, and then I was informed very sweetly that we have so many members of our own congregation to assist, you know, that really I well—I'll talk it over with the ladies of our society and will see if we can't recommend you to some place, do. And this was about the result with them all.

"By this time I was in actual need, when the thought occurred to me to go to the opposite extreme and to see Robert Ingersoll, a total stranger to me. I knew he couldn't kill me, and was sure I would be at least politicly treated. I was shown into his private office with my heart beating furiously, my brain in a whirl, and without an idea of wnat I should say first. We shook hands, and showing me to a chair opposite to him, he said; Sit down, please, and let's see what the trouble is, with such a kindly, cordial smile that I was at once at ease and told him plainly just what a predicament I was in. He watched me closely and questioned me shrewdly, and then kept people waiting while he gave me a lot of his precious time and just such friendly, fatherly advice as I had been yearning for. I could have just hugged him, while my eyes were full of tears. I felt aiready rich with his carnest, sympathetic words, but before I let he voluntarily helpod me substantially. Then he came way out to the door with me, and, after asking me to let him know how I got along, his leat words were, as he shook my hand: 'Good by success to you—and yee, I'll sad God bless you."

"I think I've got a little start now, and that's why I say every night before I sleep and a thousand times a day: 'God bless 'Bob' Ingersoil."

Frozen Wheat for Seed.

Frozen Wheat for Seed.

From the Hinnespoits Fribune.

HURON, Dak., Doc. 14.—There is a test being made which may be of great value to wheat raisers next spring. Many of those who have sown their wheat have devoted a portion of it to seeding with frosted wheat some claiming that the germ is neither destroyed nor injured by being frozen. Should this wheat grow promptly in the spring, it will relieve the farmers from great expense in procuring seed the coming season, it being evident that good unfrozen No. 1 hard will be held by a few, who will, following in the wake of more influential and wealthier "trusts," demand a high price for pure seed. At all events, the seeding has been done, and the wisdom of this early work and the question of frozen grain for seed will has say weeks be settled for here.

THE TALK OF THE TOWN. INTERESTING GOSSIP OF THE DAY AS

WHISPERED ON THE AVENUES. There is Money New in Clever Children-Fay Templeton's Case Mary Anderson's Sister-Christmas in the Country-Good Stories About Well-known Mes.

"There is money in a clever child," said the aunt of one of them yesterday in a contumer's shop on Fifth avenue. "Probably the six most prominent children in the world toman, Elsie Leslie, Tommy Russell, Annie Hughes, Lucy Webbling, and Olive Berkely. I do not think any of these little ones is more than 9 years old, and probably they earn in the aggregate fully a hundred thousand dollars a

"How much of it do they get?" "Possibly \$200 all told. We cannot give the children presents, sweetmests, or money, or their careers would be spoiled. Instead they have lots of exercise, plenty of riding and driving, pretty clothes, and are petted by the publie. 'Little Lord Fauntieroy' is responsible for the fems of four of the children I have named. Elsie Leslie is probably the eleverest of the four, and after her comes Tommy Russell, though Annie Hughes has made a great success in England. Mothers who have precedious children should keep their eyes open now, for 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' companies are being organized for the West, and new plays will unquestionably be written to fit the children. What a stunning lesson it is to the actors and actresses who have studied so many years to perfect themselves in stage work when they see one of these youngsters walk out before the footlights and draw tears from the eyes of the most hardened theatregoers. They succeed in being natural, and without an effort they reach a height to which all actors and actresses as-pire through the medium of laborious study.

"Fay Templeton." said a man who had the distinction of managing her some time ago, "is the hardest sort of a woman to keep in the harness, for the simple reason that she doesn't card a rap for the stage. She was a child actress, you know, and became accustomed to flowers and applause before she was 10 years continually at work—most of the time supporting her father—and the stage got to be a drudge to her instead of a delight. She is naturally a woman of rather indolent procilities, as we always learned when we put a new plece in rehearsal. It was exceedingly difficult to get her to pay any attention to her rôle until the last moment; then she would go through it with a saucy and indolent air. Her beauty and extraordinary ease on the stage pulled her gave promise of being the first burlesque artist in America a few years ago." "Fay Templeton," said a man who had the

If the jockey clubs continue warring through the season as they have already begun, there will be racing all around New York in half a chosen clubs at the same time, and the racing will gradually resolve itself into a question of entries only. The New York Jockey Club, the Brooklyn Jockey Club, and Jerome Park are already at loggerheads, with the odds slightly in favor of the new track. Novelty is a strong factor in racing, and the last addition to the racing tracks has caught the people.

Mary Anderson's sister is beginning to enjoy some of the reflux glory of the young tragedienne. The sister, according to a great many observers, is even prettier than Mary herself, and she is certainly younger and plumper. She is constantly to be seen about the theatre, though her manner is very unobtrusive and retiring. When she attends a performance of "A Winter's Tale" she is usually the most soberly and dimly attired young woman in the audience, not that there is any reason for so doing, for the wealth of Miss Anderson's family at this time is very great. They have always been a retiring and modest sort of people, and the characteristic seems to strengthen as the family increases in prosperity.

Every waiter in town will have a chance for employment on Washington's Birthday of the coming year. The biggest dinner on record will occur then in celebration of Washington's inauguration. Preparations are now being made for it by Mr. Stokes of the Hoffman House, and an idea of the service which the thousand guests at the dinner will require may be had from the fact that nearly five hundred waiters and helpers will be employed to attend to the Vice-President of the United States and the other guests who are expected to be present.

"Did you ever shave a woman?" was the queer question put to an up-town barber by a customer who was being shaved. "Many a time." said the barber, who went on to tell of his experience in that line of business. "There are ladies in town who have quite a moustache, and others who have something like a chin, beard, and I have operated on both kinds. I shaved the upper lip of a lady yesterday afternoon to prepare her to go out to a party. She keeps down the growth of hair by clipping it, but she wanted to look extra fine on this occasion. Some of them who are troubled as she is pull out the bairs a few at a time, till they get rid of the whole growth, and there is now an electrical way of removing them without pain from any part of the face, but I know of laddes who get barbers to shave them at times, and others who can shave themselves just like men. I tell you there are more kinds of folks in this barbarous world than some people know of." Here the knight of the brush shouted "Next!"

Messrs. Rockefeller, Starbuck, and several other Standard Oll millionaires and their friends live along the New Haven road at Greenwich. Portchester, and those places, Money loves company quite as much as misery is said to, so these gentlemen all take the same train every morning and meet in a private smoking car that they hire by the year. It is not so gorgeous as it is comfortable, with its movable seats and its card tables and current literature. It is a club room on wheels.

literature. It is a club room on wheels.

A reporter of THE SUN has a window that commands a view of a sewing room over a gentleman's furnishing store. Every morning when the reporter gets up he sees a slender girl sewing by the work room window. Often when he comes home at night she is still there and still sewing. She is making syelets in shirt fronts. It is nice and delicate work, though she does it with the persistency of a machine. She takes thirty stitches every minute. That is 1,800 every hour or 18,000 every day, in a week she takes 108,000 stitches. Her hand moves a yard for every stitch. In a week she measures off precisely six miles and a quarter of space with that hand. The pay for this prodigious amount of effective labor is a dollar a day, and she is considered a high-priced, skilled workwoman.

priced, skilled workwoman.

Brooklyn has many mighty huntsmen, but according to the big guns of the renowned Excelsior Club, few occupy the heights on which sam Chauncey and Gus Leckler of the club have travelled since Saturday evening. Thirty of the gourmets of the club then sat down to a duck supper provided by Mr. Chauncey and Mr. Leckler. There was a duck and a third for each feaster, and there were seventeen courses of champague. The forty feasters hunted for shot in the birds and couldn't find any, but they to asted the sportsmen 'way off in the Maryland markets just the same. A wild rumor floated over the heads of the diners that the birds had been shot with dollars in the atreets of the old town of Havre de Grace. But Harry Du Val denied this yesterday.

Harry Du Val denied this yesterday.

Any one may get a locked box in a safe deposit company for \$10 or \$15 a year, but if he does so he will go through as much of a rigmerole as if he was renting quarters for the safe keeping of all the Vanderbilt treasures. Nothing in town is so elaborate or so far-fetched as the ceremony with which some safe deposit companies are hedged in. It is principally for advertisias purposes. A lawyer who has begun to make his pile after years of hard work took a strong box in one of these vaulis the other day. He gave his father's and mother's name, his wife's parents hander, and the color of her eyes and his own; his height, weight, complexion, and a description of a scar on his left heel, and then was asked for some mysterious password by which a strange official might make sure of him. Give us something that once affected your life, and that you never that supresses you

umes." The lawyer bit his lip and walked up and down and knitted his brows.
"That a corker," said he, "but I've got one.
Just write down 'Hitchcock's."
"All right," said the officer,
"I'll bet you don't know what it means," said

"Yes, I do." replied the officer: "I was poor myself once, and used to consider Hitchcock's a better place than Delimento's. One I could eat in and the other I could not."

eat in and the other I could not."

Sometimes there is more fun in an accident than in a well-planned practical joke, Mr. John W. Rhoades of the New York News Company made a present of a beautiful book to a gentleman, saying to him. "That's for your Christmas; it's the latest kind of a prayerbook." The young man stuck it in his overbook." The young man stuck it in his overbook." The young man stuck it in his own day when he was in church with his very plous sweetheart. The fact that he had it occurred just as she was looking for her place in her own prayer-book. "Wait." said he; "I've got a nice new book for you." and he handed over John Rhoades's zift. The girl's eyes sparkled as she saw the pretty plush-bound book, but they shot daggers when she opened it, for instead of leaves it contained playing cards.

stead of leaves it contained playing cards.

The latest craze among the actresses is the hand and arm photograph. They spend no end of money posing their hands to have pictures taken of them. Almost always they hold something in the hand that is to be pictured—a wine glass, a diamond ring just touched by two dgisty fingers, a visiting card or a silver coin. Those who are proud of their arms have them photographed, often the full bare arm and shoulder without a hint of ciothing—or just the hint of a short lace sleeve with a buxom arm issuing from it. Some non-professionals are beginning to share the craze.

At the news companies, the greatest collectors of seasonable novelties in the country, it is said that this is to be the merriest Christmas spent in America. There never was so much loose money in the country before. Everything worth buying, and nearly everything not worth buying, was cleaned off their eleves more than two weeks ago. Machinery could not make, nor could clerks sell the goods as fast as the demand required. "It does not matter what Wall street's reports show, what the labor organizations say, or what you hear from your friends." said John W. Rhoades of one of these companies: "there is more superfluous cash among the people to-day than we ever knew to exist before."

DRIVING OUT A TENANT.

The Landlord in Powerful, and he May be Irrestatible.

"The woes of a landlord," said a New York dry-goods man yesterday, " are frequently exploited in the civil courts, but the woes of the tenant do not often engage the attention of the public. At least they have a small representation in the newspapers, and yet it is not infrequently the case that the tenant is by far the more thoroughly abused of the two parties to the contract. Agents and landlords are thoroughly familiar with the workings of the law. They are accordingly able to manage their tenants with open eyes, for they understand fully the extent to which they can go. As a rule, the tenant has no idea of the law, and hence he is

easily abashed.
"My brother, who is a salesman in our place in Worth street, recently married, and as he was disappointed in going to Europe, he decided to settle down for a year or so in New

cided to settle down for a year or so in New York. He advertised for a furnished flat, and selected from many answers an apartment in Forty-sixth street. It was a comfortable sort of a place. The house was originally a residence, but it had recently been out up into flats. It is owned by two people, an elderly man and a sister who is his senior by some years. They are a type of people more familiar in this world than is generally admitted. Pennies to them are more than dollars are to the majority of us. They had let the flat originally to a Frenchman, but he was called back to Paris, and my brother sublet the flat frem him.

"When they moved in the landlord agreed that he would make a number of improvements in the place, such as putting weather strips on the windows, cleaning the chimneys, putting in broken panes of glass, and otherwise looking after the comfort of the tenants. Once in these promises vanished into thin air.

"The landlord and his sister lived on the top floor of the house. Every morning their food was sent up to them in a black kettle by the janitor, and they ate from a bare board table. They went to work at 6 in the morning cleaning the wood work, and otherwise preparing the other flats for occupancy. They worked far into the night, and took all of their meals from the janitor's big black kettle, it may be romarked incidentally that these people were worth several hundred thousand dollars. I mention this, not because it is any disgrace for people to work and save money, but because it illustrates certain traits of human nature with which people are familiar in novels, but which they he sitate to admit are true in real life, It would seem that somehow the landord had got the idea that, if he could get the Frenchman out of the flat, disposses the other tenants, and fix it up, he could rent it for a nigher price than he was then receiving. Hen

not accustomed to indoor life, and so my sisterin-law decided to send it up to our place in the
country on the morning after its arrival. It
was accordingly sent away, but the landlord
did not know this, and he began operations at
once by going down into the cellar at night and
nailing up the coal bin. It was impossible to
break it open, and my brother had to send out
and have coal brought into the house the next
morning. He consulted his attorney, and was
told to burst the door open, as the landlord had
no jurisdiction over the bin. This was done by
the servant next morning, and a new padlock
was put upon the door.

"Within an hour the keyhole of the padlock
had been filled with little chips and stones and
then filled with glue. The result was that it
was impossible to do anything with the lock.
The door was burst open again by the servant
and the hinges taken off. That night a new
door was put on and securely fastened with
cleats by the landlord. After a great deal of
difficulty this was again knocked off. The entire front of the coal bin was taken off by a
carpenter who had been hired by my brother,
and immediately the coal began to disappear
in the most miraculous manner.

"I went around to call on the uniucky tenants that night, and after pulling the bell
handle for a half hour went home again. It
was not until the following day that the discovery was made that the bell wire had been
detached inside of the door.

"There is no use in going over the whole
line of persecutions, but this gives you an idea
of the bother to which the tenants were subjected, notwithstanding the fact that they had
neal their rent in advance, and were quiet and
well-behaved people."

"What was the result?"

"What was the result?"

"What was the result?"

"What was the result?"

"What was the result ?"

"A what could it be? The lease and the subleas

THREE GREAT COLLEGE MEN.

Woolsey and His Walk, Porter and His Eyes, Dwight in His Study, NEW HAVEN, Dec. 22.—There are three dis-

tinguished men living in the city. Ex-Presinearly four score and ten years of age, is still vigorous for a man of his years and makes a trip to the Post Office daily. He never varies a minute in the time of his going and passes the

trip to the Post Office daily. He never varies a minute in the time of his going and passes the City Hall just as the clock strikes 9. His grand-daughter either accompanies or walks a short distance behind him to look after him, and the two invariably walk on the side of Church street next to the Green.

Ex-President Porter, President Woolsey's successor, shows signs of age to a degree which often causes his friends to remark it with regret. The sharpness of his steel-gray eyes, however, is as great as ever. Those eyes have looked at thousands of students, not one of whom did not feel as if the President were looking down into their inmost soul, and to lie would be useless.

President Dwight is perhaps better known than either of his predecessors in office, and nowhere are the characteristics of the man set out more than in his study. He does his writing on an old-fashioned secretary, which looks as if it had been in the family 200 years. The chair in which he sits is straight-backed, and cannot have seen less than 100 years. Book-cases filled with books occup every inne of wall space in the room and reach to the ceiling, dienerally a pair of black kid gloves lie on President Dwight's secretary, just where they were thrown, and all about are scattered newspapers and manuscripts. An open wood fire burns in an old-fashioned fireplace directly behind the President's chair, and over the mantel hangs the only decoration in the room, an engraving. "The Ascension," presented to him while a professor in the theological school.

Shot at the Bull's-eye and Hit a Fool's

Shot at the Buil's-eye and Ritt a Fool's Bouth.

From the St. Louis Republic.

CLEBURNE, Tex., Dec. 15.—A careless trick of Ed Shipe, a young man of this county, nearly cost him his life to-day. He went behind the target in the shooting gallery run by Mr. Cappa and put his mouth to the bull's-eye. A man was just in the act of shooting, and as he could not see the young man he blazed sway and struck the contre, the ball entering the mouth of Mr. Shipe, knocking out several teeth, and outling an usly and dangerous wound.

AS THE VANDERBILTS LIVE

HOW THEY EAT AND SLEEP IN THEIR FIFTH AVENUE PALACE. They Try to have as Much Privacy as

Poorer Folks, but Cannot Always Keep Out Wendering Strangers It is a Palace. The appearance of a description of the interior of the home of Mrs. W. H. Vanderblit in the Providence Journal led a reporter to ask one of the members of the family whether it is customary for strangers to be shown over the house, as is done at the White House in Washington, or with private parks like that of Mr. "Certainly not. The greatest privacy is maintained except with regard to the picture gallery, to which admission can be gained by the presentation of the visiting card of a member of the family."

There is a constant series of callers to see

the gallery on some days, and then, again, days will pass on which no one presents a card. The foreigners, artists, friends, and the relatives and friends of their acquaintances—in short, to whoever is vouched for by some one of re-sponsibility or some relative or friend. But these visitors are simply shown to the gallery, allowed to view its treasures in the company of an escort, and then accompanied to the door again. They see no other part of the house except the hallway. Yet in spite of this privacy the number of persons who do or who can see the remainder of the grand house is naturally very large, as must be the case with the home of any family that has wide connections and acquaintances. The intimate friends of all the Vanderbilts, and of the Sloanes, Twomblys, Kissams, Shepherds, Webbs, and the other families

ily that has wide connections and acquaintances. The intimate friends of all the Vanderbilts, and of the Sioanes, Twomblys, Kissams, Shepherds, Webbs, and the other families connected with them, form by themselves a sufficient number of privileged persons to make the family privacy seem almost like publicity to most persons.

The description of the well-guarded interior of the grand house in the Providence Journal is as follows:

"Beyond any question, the most superbhouse in New York, in point of costliness and splendor, is the Vanderbilt palace on the corner of Fifty-first street, We went all over it the other morning from hall to roof tree, a sort of triumphal progress from cover to cover of the Arabian Nights, with such bewildering magnificence here, there, and everywhere that only the most colossal mind could manage to carry away any definite idea of it all. A trim man servant threw open the front door, and we went up a few steps till we stood in the vast square hall, open straight up to the roof, with two galleries running around its sides, one above the other, and filled with a glow of rich, soft light that fell through the stained glass windows with peoullar effectiveness. Every inch of that hall is decorated by master hands: glided, carved, painted, till its dimmest corner is a cheff desarred of which a king or an emperor might be proud to boast. An enormous rug covered the inial floor; there were siken hangings here and there, carved chairs and estities, painted, till its dimmest corner is a cheff desarred to be potentially and the standard floor; there were sheen a sudden a summer the research and corner, which has hander the research and corner, which has hander the research and corner, which has beauty once slept for a handrag desarred to the inial floor; there were shown and the corner of the line and planta and patience by a collector who bount, not set the Philistings but as a true connoisseur. The two great rooms were still and empty. One of the morning light lay in a flood of sunshine on the lo

ness apartment, unique and curious, now used as a billiard room, its ceiling oddly wrought of bamboo, and everything in it. Japanese; a dining room in richly carved oak. No words can paint this gorgeousness. Whole volumes in foliomight be written without giving the faintest idea of its real fascination, and they could not

paint this gorgeousness. Whole volumes in folio might be written without giving the faintest idea of its real fascination, and they could not convey the subtle conviction that steals over one to the effect that here is a palace which is also a home. Very costly houses are too ant, as a rule, to lack that redeeming grace of cosinees and habitableness. That was the fault of the Villard house on Madison avenue, which is well known as one of the handsomest in town, as it is the fault of many another. They are fine and stately, ornate, and splendid, but their magnificence is too plainly for the world as large to admire and to praise than for their owners to enjoy.

"In the dining room there was a servant laying the cloth for luncheon—a luncheon for two, as there is no one left at home now except Mrs. Vanderbilt and her son. George, It was such a cloth! Of the finest damask, with an open insertion of lace just above its lace-trimmed hem and a huge embroidered monogram in the centre, and the man who was busy about it stopped to take us into the butler's pantry, where everything was on a Titanic and very complete scale, and there showed us the great safe, behind whose ponderous doors, that swung rejuctantly open, were such treasures of silver as might well make Tiffany's hide its diminished head and feel quite low in its mind.

"B' Bo we might go on forever. Mrs. Vanderblit's own apartments look out upon Fifth avenue, She has a bedchamher lit for the Princess who was bruised by sleeping on a bea under sevenieen feather beds. One thing in it is a dressing table, with a great mirror set in silver, and strewn with silver to liet articles of every description. It is covered with old pink plush, and over that hangs a large piece of exquisite point lace, which once belonged to the lif-stad Marie Antoinette, and its worth many times its weight in gold. The bed is of carved and inlaid wood, four posts and a canopy, and it is finished by an embroidered satin coverlet. Next this chamber is a boudoir og sitting room, where a coss

Marriago Revealed by a Bleycle Hender,

Marriage Revealed by a Bleycle Header.

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The marriage on Thanksgiving Day of Miss Sadie O'Neill of Lake Forest to Enoch M. Fredericks of Wauksgan has just been made public. The couple drove out into the country on Thanksgiving Day, ostensibly to spend the day with relatives. At Lake Villa, however, they boarded the cars, and were soon in Wisconsin and married. The matter was kept a secret until the busband took a "header" from a bicycle in Chicago a few days since, and received such injuries that he desired his wife to nurse him. The story was then told.

Pains and Aches

In various parts of the body, more particularly in the back, shoulders, and joints, are the unwelcome indica-

back shoulders, and joints, are the unwelcome indications that rheumatism has gained a footbold, and you
are "in for it" for a longer or shorter period. Rheumatisim is caused by a lactic acid in the blood, and is cured
by Hood's Sarasparilla, which neutralizes the acidity,
and eradicates every impurity from the blood.

"I suffered from an acute attack of rheumatism indeced by a severe sprain of a once dislocated ankle
joint, which caused great swelling and intense pain. One
bottle of Hood's Earsaparilla restored circulation,
cleaned the blood, and relieved the pain so that I am
nearly well again. I regard Hood's Sarasparilla as the
best remedy for the blood. "L. T. HUNT, Springfield, Me. best remedy for the blood."-L. T. HUNT, Springfield, Me

Hood's Sarsaparilla Soid by all druggists. SI; six for Sc. Propared only by O. I. HOOD & CO., Apotheonries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Boses Que Bellen